

TO THE MOON MAGAZINE



Expedition Paper Project
Volume 3 June 19th 2020

SHIP'S CRIME BLOTTER

30 MAY - 16 JUNE

There are evil trespasses upon the sacred night of the soul, acts so vile that even in the furthest reaches of the galaxy they are utterly reviled. For everything else, there's the crime blotter. Collecting the reported violations of the Universal Criminal Code aboard the ICC Rae's fifth polar rescue expedition.

- 31 May - An unidentified body was discovered floating in the liquid methane of the Ligeia Mare by the recovery team. Medical Examiners report significant pitting on remaining internal organs, further observations pending the defrosting process as the methane waters of the lake register a cool three hundred degrees below Fahrenheit.
- 7 June - The Captain reminds the crew that "man eating space penguins" are not a scientific likelihood nor an acceptable theory as to the malfunctions in magnetic equipment or causes of death. The Captain has furthermore made it a flogging offense to leave earth pebbles on the surface of Titan, as cross contamination could lead to native ecological collapse.
- 8 June - The fire resulting from the unsuccessful defrosting of the unidentified Ligeian remains consumed the med bay and badly damaged several midshipman quarters. All crew are henceforth ordered to double bunk.
- 10 June - The recent double-bunking measures have resulted in seven fistfights, four court martials, a rash of petty pebble theft and one marriage.
- 13 June - Mr. B--- has been reported missing by command, and search parties sent out for his recovery. A very fetching sample of quartz the cryo-master brought from earth and left in the pebble cairn in offering to the unscientifically-likely "man eating space penguins" has also gone missing, leading to the rumors below decks that Mr. B--- has been chosen as a penguin bride. This reporter is not altogether sure how that works but is reconsidering their somewhat plain sandstone offering.

Crew members wishing to contribute to the upcoming crime blotter are asked to howl their deepest fears into the abyss of space and await enlightenment.

- ABS J.S. Moore
(@justastormie on tumblr)

☆☆☆☆



"The Forward March" - @bacchanalium

☆☆☆☆

For Old Ice

Underneath the crust there is liquid ocean, heated by a living core. What eyeless wonders spawn there? Lucky the one who finds them. If fishes make wishes true, more so the fishes of Enceladus.

We tread the shadow of a slope. For risk of blinding, we do not look with helmeted eyes at the mirror-panes of ice. This is a good-natured land. It laughs from the belly, makes ridges and gorges, expression lines, not scars signifying violence. There is an absence of hatred here, but even giants shake when they are tickled. Someone is watching. The ice does not absorb light, which reflected travels through space, through the telescope lens into somebody else's eye.

There is the crackle of the ear-piece, and Ellis orders not to tarry. I have forgotten the voices of my friends, every friend but one. This is not the pitch of her impatience, no, not as I knew it when she first came to my

city and we discussed, over tea, the reversal of the magnetic poles. It is not her touch, the tug upon this rope. It is not her hand that helps me, separated by seven-upon-seven layers of regulation gloves. Neither cold nor warmth can touch me. This is not her voice, but the echo of an echo.

Plumes like foxfire are dancing: Carnegie boiled here with his crew. These are the scraps of their suits, an opaque horizon under layers of firn. Zafra operates the hand auger and lifts the ice core with a groan, takes a breath before giving it over. They kneel side by side, and I watch for something to happen. I watch when Zafra brushes away the shavings and hands over the sample, careful, careful! Ellis cradles it, and I like to imagine them smiling. It is for this that we have come, and only this. Compressed microbial excreta. Someday, somebody may study it. These are the births that we witness daily, the only ones that we shall ever witness. Over the ridge, a geyser erupts. And though I pray, the land does not open up to cook and eat me — but lets out another flatus in its sleep.

- @oleworm on tumblr

☆☆☆☆

My God, It's Full of Bars!

Well, my fellow space explorers, it appears that we're stuck here for the time being with nary a nightclub from here to the next nebula. I suppose that this year's intergalactic expedition of vice and merriment has been cut rather cruelly short. No matter! I have every confidence that when power is restored to our engines, we shall once again find ourselves flying through the cosmos, in search of extravagantly new and alien ways to get wasted.

In the meantime, I have several recipes here to share with the ships company. One alcoholic, one non-alcoholic, and one that is simply a recommendation. All three are sweet, refreshing, and guaranteed to warm you up in the coldest reaches of space! (Disclaimer: Do not drink alcoholic beverages if you are on anti-radiation pills.)

The first is a rather good one that changes color as you drink it. It requires Martian peach tea for the ice, but as we're unlikely to take shore leave on Mars any time soon, butterfly pea flower tea will substitute quite well. Simply prepare the tea, pour it into ice cube trays, and freeze. Half-fill a mug with plain crushed ice and add 2 oz. vodka, 5 oz. ginger beer, and about .50 oz. of fresh lime juice to prevent scurvy. Top with crushed butterfly tea ice and observe as the it melts, evoking the ever-changing purple and blues of a nebula right there in your cup!

A similar celestial treat, non-alcoholic, for those of you who prefer to abstain: In a blender, combine 1.5 oz. of blue Curaçao syrup, 1.5 oz. grenadine, and 2 oz. lemonade, with ice, until it resembles a slush. Set this purple mixture aside. Blend another batch, identical, but substitute 1.5 oz. of lime simple syrup for the grenadine. Now simply layer the blue slush atop the purple slush in a serving glass and garnish with a fresh twist of Xandarian janafruit!

Finally, a drink that requires no mixing at all. For those of you world-weary captains who wish to evoke the by-gone days of polar exploration, one cannot recommend Shackleton Blended Malt Scotch Whiskey™ highly enough, served, naturally, over ice.

- @clockheartedcrocodile

☆☆☆☆

Music of the Spheres

They said there was no sound out here,
That planets, in their silent orbits, spun
In hallowed quiet, year on unheard year,

Just stones around some foreign sun.
But I've been taught the tune of crashing ice,
The rush of nature's work undone.

No longer do I look to men's advice,
When captains tell me what I say is wrong.
I know what I have known: that will suffice,

And so I say, out here, I've heard a song,
Like sailors used to sing, on Arctic seas.
It echoes through the stars and runs along

The rims of moons, and onward flees
Past wrecks of ships whose pilots knew no fear
Out beyond the edges of the galaxy.

They told me once there was no sound out here,
But there's no sound that truly disappears.

- L.C. Coningham

☆☆☆☆

A Letter Lost in Transmission

My dearest -

Today I look up at the Earth as if it were the moon back home. I remember the nights we spent standing on the balcony of your old flat, staring up at the stars and wondering if we'd ever find ourselves among them. I often think of the astronomers and explorers of old. Of course, they lived for the pursuits of science, but how many of them looked to the sea and the stars and thought of their loves waiting for them thousands of miles away?

John is a fine mission commander - an experienced astronaut. The best, I'm told. The others are great people, all experts in their field. I feel lost among them. They all have a task here, and I am only here to write about them. I'm only going through the motions now. Imagine that? Bored up in space.

I think of you more often than I'd like to admit to them. When I am out on the moon's surface, it dawns on me. I walk a bare plain, in a suit that shields me from its elements. A suit that doesn't let me truly interact with the environment. We came all the way out here and it's all so sterile. I suppose that's science now.

They say nothing ever touches - that our perception of touch is only our atoms interacting with those on the surface of whatever we touch. I am no quantum physicist. But up here, I've never felt that to be more true. If we never touch anything - if we never touch stars, than what are we?

Georgie is a quantum physicist. Perhaps I should ask them. I would ask them if they weren't always so busy analyzing the data.

How I miss you, my love. There's more than mere atoms in that. They say love is mere chemistry in the brain too. That I'll never believe. There's no chemist or neuroscientist to ask up here, so that I'll leave to you.

Has science forgotten its origins? A lonely astronomer staring up at the sky searching for some greater meaning to it all. Searching for something that would make him feel less alone. They used to say stars were the windows to heaven, and the angels were looking down on us. As absurd as that would sound now, at least it was poetic. A lovely thought, isn't it?

Atoms. Where's the poetry? The stars might disagree with me. After all, they are hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. We are all made up of the same stuff as stars - somehow, we forgot the wonder of that.

Still, I look down at the earth from where I stand on the moon and wish to return there. What is up? What is down? It is relative to one's perception of gravity. Still, Earth pulls me back down. All the majesty of the universe and all I miss is you.

Until we speak again, my love.

Forever yours, - M



Astronauts & Argonauts Puzzle

Only the names and words in **BOLD** appear in the puzzle! The remaining letters spell out a hidden message (clues to the message appear on the credits page, at the bottom).

Hidden message quotation credits: (1) Roald E.G. Amundsen, (2) Neil Armstrong, and (3) attributed to Ernest Shackleton.

Polar Explorers with Namesakes in Space

F.W.H. Alexander Von Humboldt	Prussian	1769-1859
Fridtjof Nansen	Norwegian	1861-1930
Robert Falcon Scott	British	1868-1912
Roald E.G. Amundsen	Norwegian	1872-1928
Jan Eskymo Welzl	Czech	1868-1948
Yevgeny Ivanovich Tolstikov	Russian	1913-1987
Edmund Percival Hillary	British	1919-2008
Georgy Yakovlevich Sedov	Russian	1877-1914
Ernest Shackleton	British	1874-1922
Douglas Mawson	Australian	1882-1958
James Clark Ross	British	1800-1862
Francis Rawdon Moira Crozier	Irish	1796-c.1848

Missions (Space)

Sputnik (USA)
Apollo (USA)
Pathfinder (USA)
Voyager (USA)
Soyuz (USSR)
Mir (USSR)
Salyut (USSR)

Missions (Polar)

Dundee Whaling
Southern Cross
 Operation **Tabarin**
 Operation **Highjump**
 Operation **Windmill**
 Operation **Deep Freeze**
Southern Ocean

Ships (Polar) & Other (Space Objects)

Terror	Terra Nova	Discovery
Erebus	Blossom	Hecla
Endurance	Fury	Whale
Jeannette	Belgica	Bear
Resolute	Scotia	Fox
Karluk	Rescue	Astroid
Quest	Griper	Moon
Enterprise	Aurora	Minor Planet
Fram	Zarya	Lunar Crater
Nimrod	Alert	

E C N A R U D N E Y R E V O C S I D T Y R U F H E
L A T N O D T T O C S N O C L A F T R E B O R Q N
L O O D L K S W L D U N D E E W H A L I N G A U A
N O T E L K C A H S T S E N R E B L O S S O M E I
T R I N O O M Z Y A K S S O R C N R E H T U O S L
E U E A P X B F E R L A H I R A S T R O I D R T A
R S Y T A O A M L C A E C E I O S S E R G O R P R
R S S N F F E S U M H Z I A M N A I S S U R P L T
A I S Y R A L L I H L A V I C R E P D N U M D E S
N A O L I S T J E A N N E T T E E H S I R I P N U
O N R M D A R O R U A O L E S I R P R E T N E A A
V O K I T S L O T H C I V O N A V I Y N E G V E Y
A S R N J F S T R E L A O R O S R O R R E T H C T
L W A O O E O K A R L U K R E M P A Y N O I R O U
U A L R F T Y N I R A B A T N D E U G A G I E N Y
N M C P N U U H E C L A Y A N T N L T H G E P R L
A S S L A L Z L E W O M Y K S E N A J N A E I E A
R A E A N O P F O A C I G L E B R U X M I A R H S
C L M N S S N A I G E W R O N N M K I E N K G T C
R G A E E E U C S E R D O H A P R A E B L Z A U O
A U J T N R R D O S U B E R E D N I F H T A P O T
T O U S N E S D N U M A G E D L A O R J O U H S I
E D R N E E Z E E R F P E E D Y L L I M D N I W A
R E I Z O R C A R I O M N O D W A R S I C N A R F

- Calypso

To The Moon Magazine

[Expedition Paper Project, Volume 3]

[Date: June 19th, 2020]

CONTRIBUTORS:

ABS J.S. Moore / @justastormie

@bacchanalium

@oleworm

@clockheartedcrocodile

L.C. Coningham

M

Calypso

Cover Illustration: @frauncis

The Expedition Paper Project is a collaborative
bi-weekly zine in the style of polar expedition
papers of the 19th and 20th century

More information can be found at:
expeditionpaper.tumblr.com

Contact us at: expeditionpaper@gmail.com